

MODERN

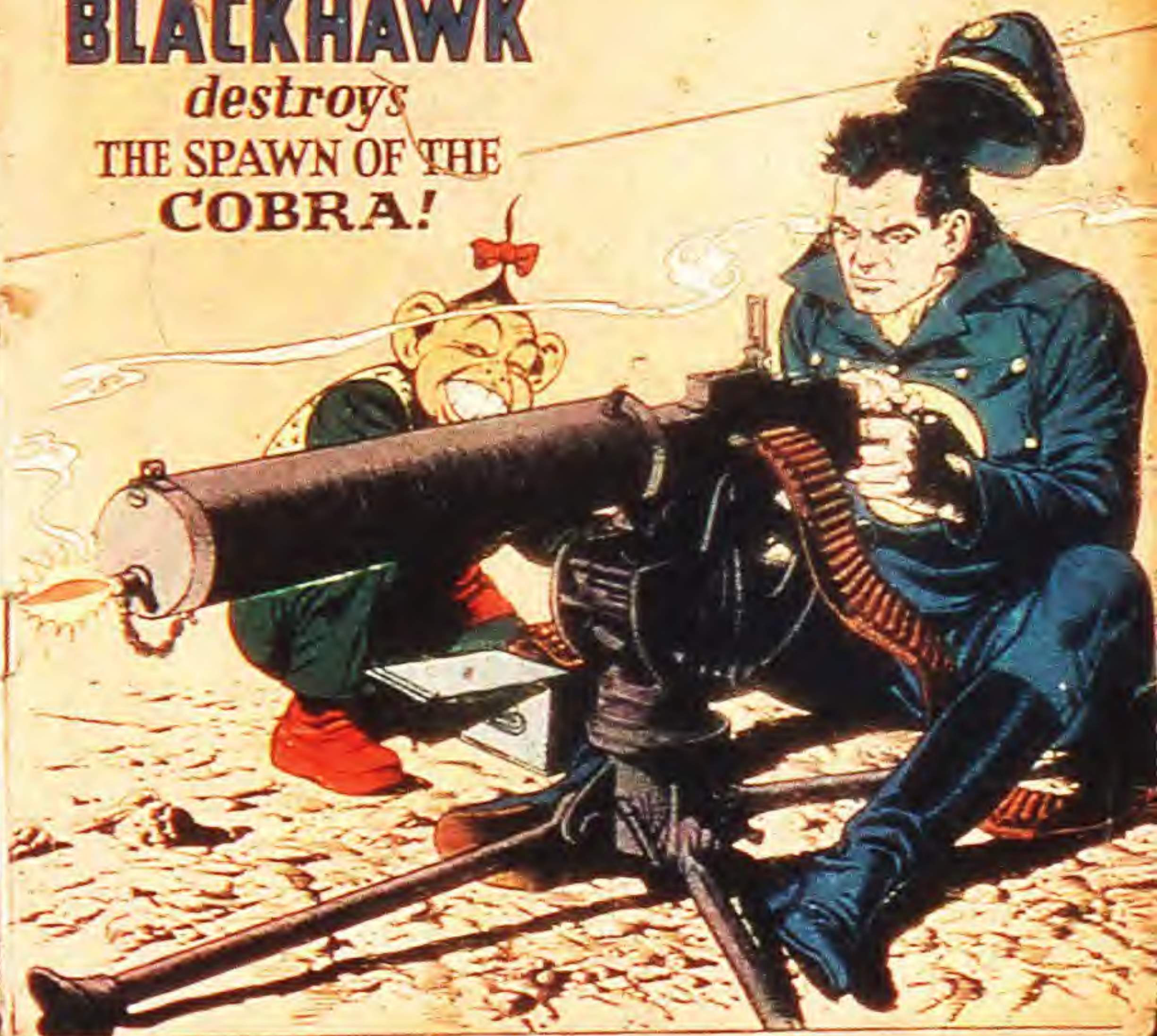
COMICS

10¢

MARCH
No. 71

BLACKHAWK

destroys
THE SPAWN OF THE
COBRA!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

MODERN COMICS

BLACKHAWK



Her name was
COBRA!

Sinuous, graceful, fascinating and deadly, her evil charm hypnotized and inflamed the minds of her suitors, bewitched their senses, drugged their feelings, and she cast their venom-filled bodies to the winds when her purpose had been served! Into the deadly aura of such an enemy, the valiant **BLACKHAWKS** pit their brain and brawn to purge **THE SPAWN OF THE COBRA!**

At an internationally controlled port on the Atlantic....

WELL, GENTLEMEN, OPERATION MUMMY IS ALMOST COMPLETED! THE HORNETS OF THE SEAS HAVE HAD THEIR STINGERS REMOVED!

BY JOVE, I HAVE A LONESOME FEELING IN THE PIT OF MY STOMACH, BUT I CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY!



2 Daily Notes 2

WARSHIPS OF ALL NATIONS UNDERGO 'CANNING' PROCESS!

PLANES AND SHIPS TO BE SEALED IN PLASTIC 'BUBBLE'!
A process whereby the mighty battle fleets of the world are to be protected from the ravages of the elements.



GENTLEMEN, I PROPOSE A TOAST! LET US DRINK TO A HOPE CHERISHED BY MAN SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME... **PEACE IN OUR TIMES!**

BRAVO!

WELL SPOKEN!



HELLO, CONTROL ROOM? CONNECT ME WITH THE INTERNATIONAL FLEET INTELLIGENCE... AND KILL EVERY OPEN SWITCH ON THIS BOARD!

YES, SIR!

INTELLIGENCE? THIS IS ADMIRAL RICHARD'S SPEAKING! SEND A CODED MESSAGE TO ALL HEADQUARTERS AS FOLLOWS: PASS-WORD FOR OPERATION MUMMY IS **PLASTIC FLEET!**







MR. BLACKHAWK, SIR! I WAS TOLD TO GIVE YOU THIS BRIEFCASE! VITAL INFORMATION, SIR!

BRIEFCASE? OH-ER-YES! THANKS, SON!



Later, at Blackhawk Island...

THAT'S IT, MEN! A BIG ASSIGNMENT, AND AS USUAL, NO CLUES! ...NO INFORMATION... NO NOTHING! WE START FROM SCRATCH!

EH, BIEN! BUT WHAT OF THESE BRIEFCASE YOU HAVE BROUGHT?

THE DEVIL! I COMPLETELY FORGOT... BUT IT CAN TELL US LITTLE MORE THAN THE COMMITTEE ALREADY KNOWS!

WELL, EVEN VON CLUE IS BETTER THAN NONE!



SACRE MONDE! LOOK OUT!

WH-??

STAND CLEAR!

BANG!



GENTLEMEN, THERE'S OUR CLUE! A HOODED COBRA!

MON DIEU! ONE BITE AND... PHEWTT... 25 KEES OF DEATH!



HEY, GET A LOAD OF THIS RADAR SCREEB! MUST BE A CONVOY PASSING!

WHAT? THESE WATERS ARE POISON TO NAVIGATORS! PIN-POINT THEIR POSITION AND GET AN ESTIMATE OF THE NUMBER OF SHIPS, CHUCK!



IT'S A CONVOY, ALL RIGHT! CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW MANY, BUT THEY'RE HEADED NORTH BY NORTHEAST... 'BOUT TWO MILES OFF THE COAST!

ANDRE! HENDRICKSON! TO THE SPEEDBOAT! YOU OTHERS STAY HERE UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM US! CHUCK, MONITOR THAT FREQUENCY!



BRRR! IT ISN'T A HUMAN BEING DOT VOULD USE A SNAKE AS A VEAPON!



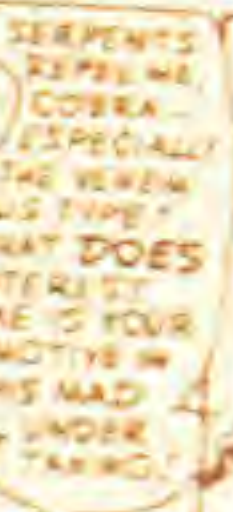
TRES BIEN! WE WEE' DRIFT BEHIND AND WAIT FOR YOU!



AU VOIR MON AMI! AND GOOD HUNTEENG! WE WEE' STAND BY!









YOU ARE NOT MISHNAMED! THOSE POOR DEVILS ARE GOING TO THEIR DEATH FOR NO REASON... WITH NO WARNING!



IF THERE BEATS THE SLIGHTEST PULSE OF HUMANITY IN YOUR HEART, ORDER YOUR GUNS TO CEASE FIRE!

WHAT? AND LET A HANDFUL OF WRETCHED SURVIVORS ENDANGER MY PLANS? NEVER! CONTROL ROOM, SINK THOSE LIFE-BOATS! THERE ARE TO BE NO SURVIVORS!



YOU SEEM SHOCKED! MY FRIEND! YOUR SHOCK WILL TURN TO ADMIRATION AS THE REST OF MY MAD SCHEME UNFOLDS BEFORE YOUR EYES!

NO, NOT ADMIRATION... JUST SHEER REVULSION! NOTHING YOU DO CAN SHOCK ME! YOU ARE LESS THAN HUMAN... MORE DEADLY THAN THE LIVING SERPENT WHOSE NAME YOU BEAR!



A MASSIVE, BARREN ROCK, YOU ARE THINKING? NO, MY FRIEND! IN A MOMENT YOU SHALL BE INTRODUCED TO THE LAIR OF THE COBRA!

ROCK? I NOT HIDE YOUR GUNS, COBRA! YOU WILL BE FOUGHT OUT AND DESTROYED WHEREVER YOU MAY HIDE!





ABOUT THE SCURVY TRAMP

ZEES' EES EEMPOSSIBLE!
OUR RADAR AND DIRECTION
FINDERS TELL US THEES EES
ZE LOCATION OF ZE
LOST FLEET—AND
YET WE SEE NOTHEENG
BUT A ROCK
ISLAND!

OUR
EQUIPMENT
IS INFALLIBLE,
ANDRE! THAT
FLEET'S AROUND
HERE, SOME-
WHERE!

EH, BIEN, M'SIEURS!
MOOR ZE SHIP LEeward
OF ZE ISLAND! MY FRIENDS
AND I WEEL SWEEP TO
SHORE AND
INVESTIGATE!

VERY WELL,
SIR! WE'LL
COVER YOU
WITH EVERY
AVAILABLE
GUN!



ALLONS, MES AMIS!
EER BLACKHAWK EES
STEEL ALIVE HE EES
SOMEWHERE ON
ZAT ISLAND!

IF HE IS DEAD, I
PLEDGE
DER REST
OF MY LIFE
TO DER EX-
TERMINATION
OF DER
CORRA!

BON! UNDERWATER
AS LONG AS POSSIBLE,
MEN! EEF WE
ARE BEING
WATCHED, EST
WOULD GO
BADLY NEETH
US TO BE
SEEN!

TAKE YOUR
TIME, AND
GOOD
LUCK! A
SIGNAL US
IF YOU
RUN INTO
TROUBLE!



SACRE BLEU!
NOTHEENG, NOT EVEN
A BIRD, COULD FIND A
FOOTHOLD ON THEES
ROCK!

BY GAR! AY
TINK WE BAN
ON WRONG
TRACK!

LOOKEE! BUBBLES
COMING UP! WHERE
FINDES BUBBLES,
MUST BE PLENTY
AIR!

VRAIMENT! CHOP CHOP
EES RIGHT! PERHAPS
ZEERE EES HOLLOW
EENSIDE ZE ROCK!
BREATHE DEEPLY, MES
AMIS, AND DIVE STEEP!
WE SHALL SOON FIND
OUT!





YOU ARE WRONG, MAMSELLE! DO YOU THINK WE CAME ALONE? EVEN NOW A MIGHTY FLEET BES ON ZE HORIZON PREPARED TO SMASH ZIS EVIL ROCK TO PIECES! EEF WE DIE, YOU DIE WEEEN US!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, FOUL CARRION? YOU LIE! IT IS A TRICK... THE COWARDLY RAVING OF A HYENA!

WAIT! WHY NEED TO WHAT I SAY, FRENCHMAN? GO BACK TO YOUR SHIP AND CALL OFF THE WOLF-PACK... OR YOUR LEADER DIES WITH POISON FANGS IN HIS THROAT!

EH?

SHE DOES NOT, JEST, ANDRE! SAVE YOURSELF AND DO AS SHE SAYS! GO!

IT IS MY LAST ORDER, MEN! PERKAPS WE SHALL MEET AGAIN... IN A BETTER WORLD!

ZERE ARE NO WORDS, MON AMI! AS YOU SAY, WE SHALL MEET AGAIN! AU REVOIR!

TRAITOR! I TRUST NEITHER YOU NOR THEM! ONE PROMISE I WILL MAKE... YOU WILL MEET YOUR FATE TOGETHER... BUT YOU MY FRIEND, WILL BE THE CAUSE OF THEIR DEATH AND YOURS!

OUR LIVES ARE BUT FEW! HUMANITY WILL SIT IN JUDGEMENT AT YOUR TRIAL!

SET THE CONTROLS REMOTELY... WE WILL NOT USE A TUBE! AT THE SIGNAL, OPEN THE ROCK AND AIM THIS MISSILE AT THE TRAWLER! DO NOT MISS IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIVES!

THIS IS YOUR LAST ACT, COBRA! YOU ARE DOOMED!

While, aboard the trawler...

LOOK! THEY'RE PREPARING FOR AN ATTACK!

MON DIEU! A TORPEDO! AND ZEY HAVE STRAPPED BLACKHAWK TO EET! QUEEK, LOWER A SPEED BOAT! WE MAY YET SAVE HEEM!

YAH! GOOD WORK, ANDRE! CUT HIM LOOSE, QUICK! DER SHELLING 'ISS BEGINNING!

COURAGE, MON AMI! WE WEEEL YET FIGHT THEES BATTLE TOGETHER!



Torchy

BUT MA CHERE—
YOU ARE NOT
SUPPOSED TO
MEET ME! I
AM SUPPOSED
TO MEET YOU!

I KNOW—
BUT THIS'LL
GIVE THE DANCE
A NEW SLANT!



ALL RIGHT OSGOOD!
IT'S A DATE! I'LL
GET DRESSED!

OSGOOD IS SUCH A
MOUSE! BUT HE'S SO
HURT WHENEVER I
REFUSE TO GO OUT
WITH HIM THAT I
JUST CAN'T DO
IT!







TOROHY, PLEASE MARRY ME! I'VE GOT LOADS OF MONEY! I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING! I'LL BE THE KINDEST, BEST HUSBAND IN THE WORLD!

OH, OSGOOD—PLEASE DON'T!



BUT WHY NOT?

I DON'T KNOW! I KNOW YOU'RE GOOD AND GENEROUS—... BUT—



AND NOW, MESDAMES ET MESSIEURS, WE GIVE YOU THOSE SENSATIONAL APACHE DANCERS, PIERRE AND LILI!



OOOH! HE LOOKS SO SAVAGE!



GOODNESS! I'M CERTAIN HE'S HURTING HER!



HOW BRUTAL!

HOW WONDERFUL!



WHAT? YOU MEAN, YOU THINK WHAT HE'S DOING IS NICE?

WELL—I—YES—WHY DIDN'T I EVER THINK OF IT BEFORE? THAT'S WHY I CAN'T MARRY YOU, OSGOOD!





OH, DEAR! I SHOULDN'T DO THIS! IT'S UNFAIR TO OSGOOD, BECAUSE HE BROUGHT ME HERE... BUT I JUST CAN'T RESIST THAT WONDERFUL, OVERWHELMING MAN!

SLURP!



IS THAT AWFUL DANCE OVER? THANK GOODNESS!

OH, OSGOOD, I JUST REMEMBERED I WAS SUPPOSED TO CALL MY AUNT TO-NIGHT! SHE'S BEEN TERRIBLY SICK! PLEASE EXCUSE ME!



I WONDER WHICH IS HIS DRESSING ROOM! AH... HERE IT IS!



AH... YOU HAVE COME! ZAT BEE'S GOOD!

Y-YES!



HERE EET BEE! THEES BEE WHAT I WEEESH TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT! I HAVE BEEN UNWILLING TO SELL THEES BRACELET UNTIL I FIND ZE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL ENOUGH TO WEAR BEE! I LET YOU HAVE EET FOR TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS!

HEH! IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT-ED TO SEE ME ABOUT?



BUT, MA CHERIE! OF COURSE! WHAT ELSE?

SO PIERRE! AGAIN YOU TRY TO SELL MY JEWELRY?



AW-RRRK! BUT, LILI! OWW!

PEEG! THIEF! PEDDLER!



HEY!

WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO
WITH THE
LAWNMOWER?

YOU ASKED FOR
A SHAVE,
DIDN'T YOU?

BOOGA













PRUDENCE



EZRA















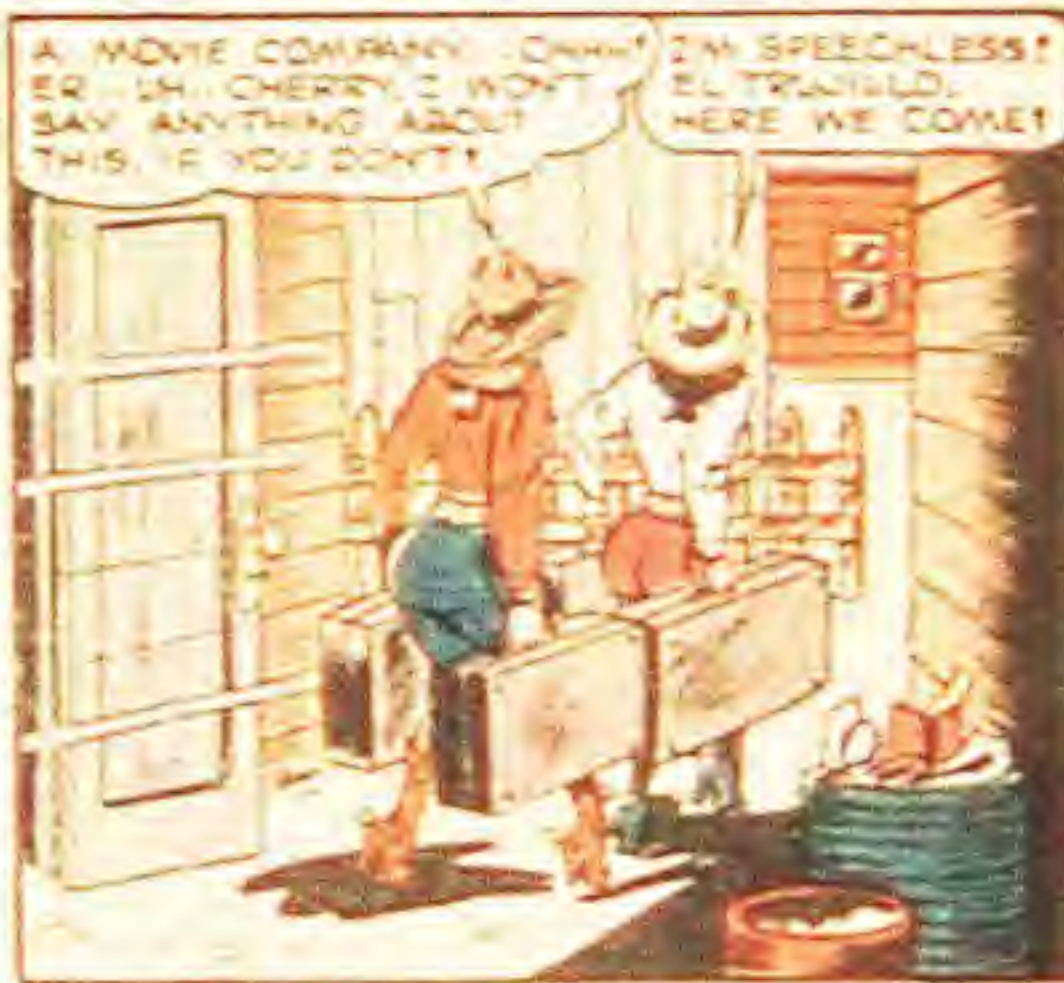












CRIME RATS

LOUIE lounged in the doorway of the radio shack, thinking about nothing in particular. Ham was at the radio.

Louie was head of the Crime Rate, an organization formed by youthful gangsters who had a spot idea of the world and what it owed them.

Ham looked up and, "I can't get a darn thing," Louie.

Keep tryin'. Louie lit a cigarette with the aid of a veteran hard-boiled fellow. His eyes were slurred in the sharp sunlight. "We gotta pick up the coast somewhere, keep listenin'. They're bound to answer."

The Boat was the Crime Rate's own private vessel. They had come by it through a device of combination of cunning skill and smooth words. Now they used it to transport themselves when ever they had to move, and for hauling their loot.

Louie had a job planned for that very night. It was to be a warehouse truckover on the west coast of Miami. He had "rased" the joint a few days earlier. It looked like an easy job.

There were no hard-boiled youths in Louie's gang. They had gathered from various water front cities along the East coast. And they were ready to follow whatever Louie led them—he was a smart boss.

Ted and Jack were piloting the boat at the moment. It was a fairly high-powered boat with speed. It was also armed, but on the several occasions when police had searched it, they had been unable to find any guns. That was due to Louie's cleverness.

The gang had considerable business getting ready. (It had been told so) if they been pushed. This was due to Louie's cleverness and his collection with a pocket mouth piece. This mouthpiece collected half of what they made as his salary to keep them out of trouble.

The island they were now heading down was a small one off the Bahamas. It was uninhabited, a few huts only, and a plane from which to operate as they worked jobs.

At last Ham got through, and the boat all

swered the radio signal. The boat was on its way to the island.

When all six of the boys were gathered in their shack, Louie gave them the plan.

"It's a big warehouse on a ship," he told them. "Full of stuff we'll have no trouble gettin' rid of. We'll anchor in the slip at midnight and make the truckover all together. Ted will stay with the boat."

They pulled the job as planned, got their loot aboard the boat and were speeding toward their tale when Louie heard a plane winging over them.

"Might be Coast Guard," he said. "No lights."

They slid along at full speed without a light showing. The night was dark without moon or stars. A slight overcast lay over the sea.

"We'll be there in a couple of hours," said Ted at the wheel. "Guess that plane passed us all right."

Louie shook his head. "I dunno. Take no chances with the law."

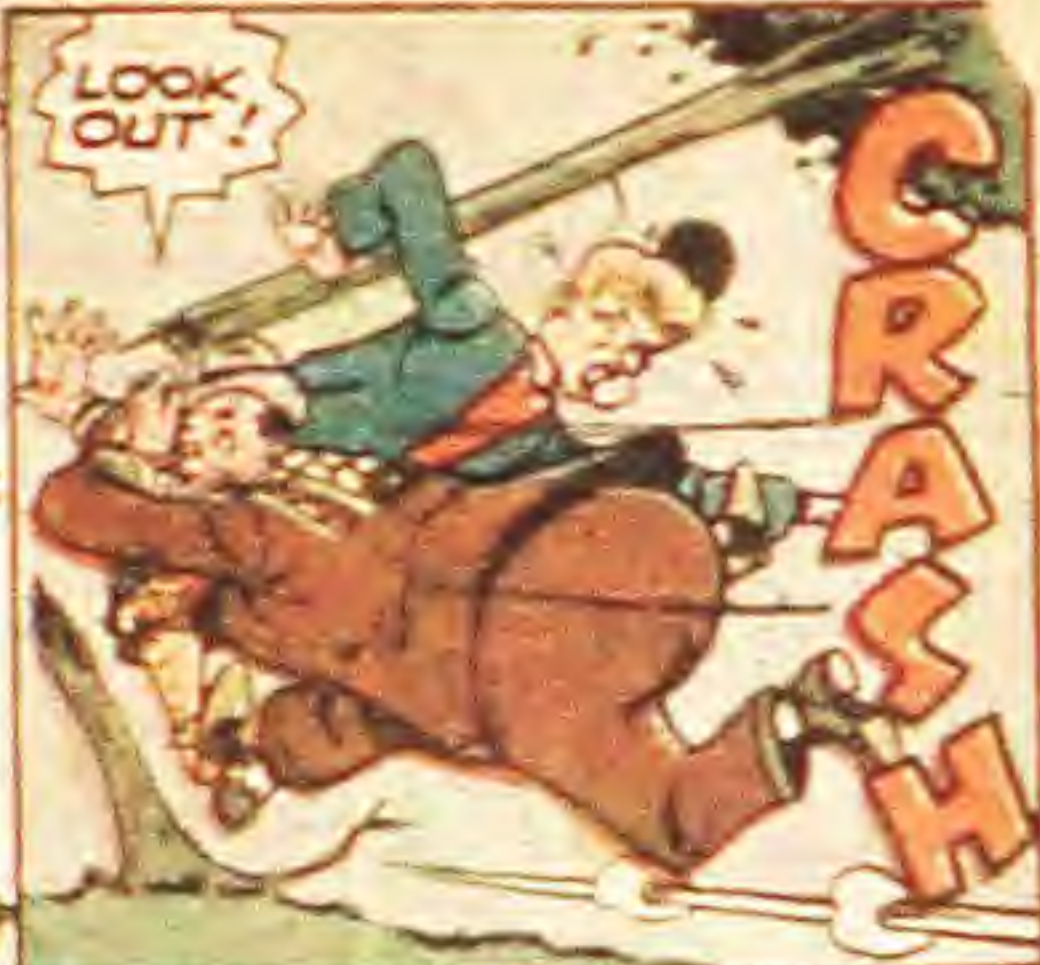
Aboard the big plane was a unique group of men. Known as Blackhawk, they cruised the world looking for criminals, and administering justice. Their leader, Blackhawk himself, had been looking into a strange viewfinder as they passed over the dark speed boat. Unknown to the Crime Rate, their boat was plainly visible to their pursuers. Blackhawk studied the craft for a moment, then he said to Andre, his French aide. "Chart these specifications." He handed Andre a sheet of paper.

Andre gave the paper a minute examination, and glanced through a thick book. "The boat has no name. Blackhawk. Could be the one used by those kids calling themselves the Crime Rate."

Blackhawk nodded. "Just as I thought. I believe you're right."

Then for a moment, then Blackhawk turned the plane and they headed downward, coming to a landing not far from the boat.

Louie said. "Hey, that Coast Guard boat's got our number. Check out the machine gun. Monty, let 'em have it if they try to board us!"









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